

From The N. Y. Evening.

The census of the State of New-York for the year 1850 indicates, even in its present incomplete state, significant changes in the population. The cities and large towns are increasing in the number of their inhabitants, and the rural districts are falling away. New-York City is supposed to have added not less than two hundred thousand to its population within the last five years, and Brooklyn has increased in a large, though perhaps not an equal ratio. New-York, and the cities and towns around it, contain about one million of souls, or a fourth part of the entire population of the State. Albany, Troy, and the cities thence west, to Buffalo, have the count of one million and some of the towns on the Erie Railroad, Elmira especially, have almost duplicated their population. But the rural villages and the agricultural districts show no such facts. They are stationary or declining, and in some cases the decline has been rapid beyond any possible anticipation.

These changes are the results of natural causes, and are inevitable. It is within the recollection of readers between forty and fifty years of age, that in their younger days all mechanical trades were diffused with the population whose wants they supplied, and that home manufactures furnished the wants of the country. The increase of the facilities of intercommunication has concentrated the trades, that they may take advantage of the division of labor, and mechanics have therefore crowded to the towns and cities. The local blacksmith once patiently hammered out the nails which fastened the wheels of the horse, and fastened the shoes and the nails for the horse of his neighbor's horses. Now he does neither. The machinery of great central establishments produces all this work done by the blacksmith's hands much more cheaply than he can do it. Thus the farmer paid for the tanning of his hides at the village tannery, probably by leaving parts of the tanned hide at the village, and the tanner paid for the carriage of the hide to his home, to convert them into boots and shoes for his family. Now the village tannery is a historical relic, and shoes and boots are mainly purchased at the stores, and the products of the manufacturing establishments. Then on a Sunday morning, at the door on the shady side of the farm-house, might be seen the wife and mother busily spinning her flax, while the husband in the chamber indicated the industry of the daughters at work at the wheel. The flax was converted into linen, which entered into all manner of household linens, which were made at home. The flax was converted into linen, which entered into all manner of household linens, which were made at home. The flax was converted into linen, which entered into all manner of household linens, which were made at home.

These are but illustrations showing a process which has been long at work, and which has of late been precipitated by the multiplication of railroads. Diffused mechanical labor of all kinds in this manner is falling steadily away, and even now has not probably reached its minimum. Nor is this the only cause affecting the decline of the rural population. In many sections agriculture itself is requiring less manual labor. The horse rake commenced a change which sowing and hoeing, and mowing, and reaping, and thrashing, machines have effected. The farmers have paid for the use of the reaper, or the West, because with improved implements of agriculture he has less apparent demand for his services, or because the less intelligent labor of immigrant foreigners will answer his purpose as well. Steady drains like these the decline of the rural population is inevitable. Of course it must at some time reach its minimum, but it is as yet impossible to define the limits of the process.

The moral suggestions arising from these tendencies are numerous and important. The accumulation of the population in towns and cities is not favorable to public virtue and religion. With the increase of the population of large places, there is almost uniformly an increase of temptation and vice—in all cases where it is not specially counteracted by strong moral and religious causes. The duty of Christians to multiply the agencies of evangelization in such places is most apparent and imperative. With the increase of the population of large places, there is almost uniformly an increase of temptation and vice—in all cases where it is not specially counteracted by strong moral and religious causes. The duty of Christians to multiply the agencies of evangelization in such places is most apparent and imperative. With the increase of the population of large places, there is almost uniformly an increase of temptation and vice—in all cases where it is not specially counteracted by strong moral and religious causes. The duty of Christians to multiply the agencies of evangelization in such places is most apparent and imperative.

MILITARY.

The City Blues, Capt. Fowler, celebrate their Sixth Anniversary to-day by an excursion to Princeton, New Jersey.

The Independent Guards, of Buffalo, Company D, Major Bidwell Commandant, will arrive in this morning's boat from Albany, Tuesday 11th. This corps is said to be the finest and best-drilled in the Queen City of the Lakes. They will be received on their arrival by the Flank Company of National Guards, Capt. Raynor. In the afternoon they will parade in company with the Grays, and will be reviewed in the Park by the Mayor and Common Council, after which they will be entertained at the army of the Grays. They will also attend Parodi's concert by special invitation. The Guards, during their sojourn, will visit the City Institutions, Blackwell's Island, &c., by invitation from the Heads of Departments.

The Eighth Regiment, Washington Grays, Colonel Lyon, assembled for parade and inspection. The several companies composing the regiment assembled at Hamilton-square at 10 o'clock, where they went through the manual of arms, with loading and firing and drill service. They went through all the movements of firing with black cartridges, standing, kneeling, advancing and retiring.

A large number of persons witnessed the display, which was very creditable to the Washington Grays.

FIRE.

Last evening at a late hour a fire broke out in the frame building No. 141 Seventh-ave., occupied by George Kohler as a packing-box factory. In consequence of the inflammable nature of the material about the premises the flames spread with great rapidity, and before they could be subdued the building with its contents was nearly destroyed. The flames extended to the frame building No. 143, adjoining, occupied as a dwelling, which was also destroyed; the occupants, however, succeeding in saving most of their furniture. The gable end of the building No. 143, occupied as a dwelling, was considerably damaged. The total loss will not exceed \$5,000. The building No. 143 is insured in the Broadway Insurance Company.

About 9 o'clock last night the alarm of fire was caused by the burning out of a sooty chimney at No. 300 East Broadway. Damage slight.

The Effect.—At a late anniversary of Yale College Professor Stillman was called out by a complimentary toast. In the course of his remarks the Professor proceeded for the benefit of the younger brothers present to say how it was that at his age (76 years) he enjoyed such excellent health and spirits. He said that at thirty he was dyspeptic and feeble. He cut off dinner, ate little, and had no sleep. He did not drink, and he did not smoke. He did not drink, and he did not smoke. He did not drink, and he did not smoke.

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Rachel as Marie Stuart.—The actress, Rachel, played last night a brilliant and, as we are told, a successful comedy, "Le Deputé Américain," which we enjoyed with a delicious relish. The recitations of Eraste and his excited explanation of the presumed rival, the droll imitation of the jealousy of the servants, and the humorous turn in which these wretched copy again their masters' feelings, by turning up in a grotesque manner their love-letters, were all of great merit. The scene in which he imitated the movement of the sea, to the shaking of a vessel to and fro resembling her also in its restlessness, convulsed with laughter that portion of the house who could enter into the spirit of the piece. We, however, have not been exempted by even so seducing a premier plot from reiterating our suggestion that the comedy should follow, not precede, the Rachel play.

Nothing could be more full of lovely loveliness, sweet sadness and dejected dignity than Rachel's picture of Mary as she entered on the stage, with her dark wavy hair and black velvet robe and white standing collar. We could almost fancy her as we saw her one of the statues of Westminster Abbey, warmed by the touch of genius into life. In the first act Rachel has an extraordinary occasion for the exhibition of her powers. We see in her consolation of a noble resignation and tender softness, but we are soon reminded of her ever-conscious sense of her own dignity by the indignation with which she notices Mortimer's rude behavior. But soon this cloud passes into joy, when Mortimer, explaining that his rudeness was but a ruse, hands over to her the letter of the Cardinal Guise, and with rapture she kisses the paper. But on Barleigh's appearance joy and hope depart; a gloomy expression settles over her beautiful face; the consciousness of standing in the presence of an implacable enemy ever hovers about her brow, and the sense of injustice grows more and more as she listens to the indefinable minister until she at length, in the bitterness of her heart, calls out that Elizabeth has power to murder but not to judge her. The passionate emphasis with which she utters these words naturally told on the audience, but what we most admired was that cloud of settled sadness, that air of predestination on her face, which from the moment she enters on the stage fills you with a strange, unaccountable sorrow you can neither account for or control. She personates, too, every passion without ever losing that lofty bearing of royal dignity which subdues her every word. The second act is sadly weary. Rachel does not appear. We can fully appreciate the praise-worthy efforts of the excellent actors, but Lebrun is not Corneille, and the weariness which in the end is redeemed by classic taste, is absolutely intolerable in the other. We were glad to be in the third act restored to Mary and to attention, and to be introduced to her in the prison-garden, with a radiance of enthusiastic happiness on her brow. How brightly Rachel looked at this moment, and how the tender emotions which thrill Mary's heart shine in every lineament! But suddenly comes a change. She grows pale. She staggers. The picture of joy has vanished. A trembling woman stands before you with quivering heart and heaving breast. It is the Queen who is announced, and nothing can surpass the feeling of horror which Rachel expresses as she endeavors to break away. But Melvil, her friend, comes. At seeing him she is a world of feeling in the relief she looks in beholding such a moment of helplessness the face of a friend. Nothing can surpass the painful truthfulness in which her struggles are exhibited. "Je ne veux pas le voir," she says in a tone as if her whole face was shrinking with disgust at the thought of seeing Elizabeth. Then when the Queen does appear what a picture for the artist or the painter as Rachel's face and pose, as she exclaims with a deep incisive tone, vibrating with solemnity and intensity, "Ah c'est regard glacial n'est-ce pas?" A cold sense of horror overpowers you, and henceforth our eyes are riveted on Rachel alone. But in the intensity with which Rachel clothes every varying phase of this struggle, what is most wonderful is the all-powerful and overwhelming impression she produces by a single word. For instance when she gathers up her womanhood and exclaims "Je ne suis qu'une femme!" In the one word you observe a whole load of shame and degradation is expressed. Then who can forget the force of Rachel, when in her element of passion, you can see her fix her claw in the heart of Elizabeth, while she points to her as "Le fruit d'adultère," and the majesty of her look and virtuous upbraiding of her nature as she closes with "Voulez-vous que je sois comme vous?" The farewell scene, though clothed with sad and solemn beauty, did not produce so great an impression as its more impassioned predecessor.

Mile Rachel deserves doubtless the highest credit for the severe fidelity with which she adheres to the author's ideal of the character she personates, and refuses to surround it with any capacious clothing. When, then, we express an opinion that Marie Stuart will not be one of her most popular parts here, we desire to convey that this result is owing to Le Brun's play, not to her personation, and the death picture as it is. The glittering scene and the death picture as it is. The glittering scene and the death picture as it is.

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